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FOREWORD

Another Green Book! Another effort of the College Rhetoric class to present their creations in a readable form. Distinction in writing is determined by one test--acceptance in the public favor. The favor not of any one or two persons but of all our Readingdom.

A critic here and a critic there, we expect and need. But we trust we shall find some readers as well.

The Bible says, "Blessed is he who readeth--". If happy is he who reads this Green Book, we shall be satisfied.



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EDITORIAL

In the concentrated effort and nearly ceaseless activity of college life, sufficient provision must be made for relaxation, for pleasure, and for pure amusement. We are not machines as Mr. Darrow would have us believe. Though we are obliged to budget our time as well as our money, though we are under the necessity of planning and grinding, of making minutes count and hours yield their increase, if we forget sports, laughs, chuckles, and smiles, we soon shall be out of the race. Under the terrible burdens and anxiety during the Civil War, Lincoln would have broken physically and mentally if it had not been for those moments of enjoyment he spent romping with his son. If play is a luxury, why does the faculty coöperate so heartily with the students in the building of the new gymnasium?

The way in which the college man spends his moments of leisure determines the zeal with which he reassumes his tasks. If he only indulges in solitary walks to the beach, he will become or remain quiet and meditative. Greek, astronomy, and psychology will receive their proper attention, but first-hand living and experiencing will suffer. Some may consume every spare minute in outdoor sports, others in reading, in stamp-collecting, in midnight "feeds", in idle talk and jesting, and still others in bending the rules and playing pranks. One means of pastime appeals to this person, another to that one, but the question is, "Are they worth while?"

After an evening wasted in idle talk and gorging with sardine sandwiches or hot coffee and rolls, one has the disheartening feeling of having done an unwise thing. After an afternoon of sports or wholesome comradeship, one is filled with the joy of being alive. But in the soul emerging from the hallowed presence of the Man of Galilee there is a rest and peace which passeth understanding.


THE EFFECTS OF RESPONSIBILITY ON CHARACTER

No one will dispute the fact that responsibility is one great factor in the making of character. What makes the difference between the man who wanders from city to city, from state to state, accepting no duties but those which bring him enough bread and butter to sustain life; and the man of God, steadfast, hopeful, helpful, compassionate? The one is irresponsible. The other has accepted his responsibility toward God and man. If the individual reacts courageously and conscientiously to the stimulus of duty, his moral fiber will be strengthened. If he shrinks or accepts it for a cloak, his endurance will be weakened or even shattered.

First, let us consider what our diction conveys when we use the word, responsibility. Mr. Webster contends that the word responsible carries the meaning, "accountable, amenable, as for a trust, debt, or obligation". Then, the highest homage we have to pay is to God. He has placed us on this sphere with life, free moral agency, and the limitless powers of heaven at our command. As stewards, how much we, poor weak figures of clay, have to give an account of to the Creator of all things, our Heavenly Father. This is enough to crush the strongest soul, but it is not all. We owe something to our fellow-men that only a life of unselfish, godly days can cancel. There has been entrusted to us a thing more priceless than gold or precious jewels, more valuable than worlds--an eternal, never-dying soul.

" A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky."

Such a crushing weight of responsibility would seem bound to make an impress on the character of every young man and young woman. But there are those who are not affected by it. They are not bothered with the affairs of others, with the anguish they are bringing upon the great heart of Jesus, or with the awful doom they are sealing for themselves. Their business is to take care of themselves and to have a good time, regardless of propriety or consequences. Education? Not much interested. It is all very well if you can get it with a minimum of work and a maximum of enjoyment. Religion? "Nothing doing". I am young, healthy and happy. I'm not going to ruin my satisfaction with dried-up dogma and precepts. I am just a beautiful butterfly,



playing in the sunshine, free from care and thought.

*An illustration our President gave last year at the Young People's Convention in Malden comes to my mind. This is the content of it. A gentleman was visiting a Vermont marble quarry one summer afternoon and was interestedly watching the workmen. Stepping up to one young fellow, he said,

"My man, what are you doing?"

The boy looked at him in surprise and replied,

"I'm cutting stone", then turned back to his work.

The visitor spoke to a middle-aged man.

"My friend, what are you doing?" Another look of surprise and a gritty,

"I'm earning \$7.50 a day."

In a few minutes our questioner accosted another man.


"My friend, what are you doing?"

The worker straightened himself, stiffened his shoulders, and said with a gleam in his eye,

"Sir, I am building a great cathedral!"

These answers reveal the character of the three men, and these men are types. The first has been depicted. The second is the dollar-slave, the man who measures the value of things by what he can get out of them. Education may hold interest for him, but only as the means toward the end--\$7.50 a day. The happiness of others is a non-essential. He may be kind to wife, mother, and father, but only because they serve his purposes. The church and a profession of religion are fine cloaks and profitable in the promotion of business and social affairs. Responsibilities may and will come to him, but they will only be recognized and paid off as they bring in dividends

*With apologies to Prof. Nease



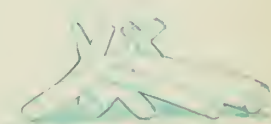
in the form of reputation, fame, and \$7.50 a day. As soon as the obligation is lifted and freedom is given, this person will indulge himself in laziness, freedom, and irresponsibility. There are weak folk in both of these classes, who will be forced by circumstances to hold the reins and to "stand the gaff". The stiff breezes of duty and necessity form a hardened crust on the outside and others think that there is something staunch behind. But let the wind die down and the props of grim necessity fall, and it is soon evident that there is very little stamina in their make-up.

But enough of such discouraging philosophy. There are-- God increase the ranks--those who are cathedral builders. They acknowledge their responsibility in its fullest, deepest sense and throw all their powers into the discharging of their duty to God, to man, and to self. Their lives have been touched by the Spirit of the Father, their eyes have been opened, and they have given themselves to the stewardship of the Saviour. And with the love shed abroad in their heart has come a love for fellow-men, a concern for their welfare, and a correct conception of eternal, intrinsic values. Hearts and lives purified, they are now ready for pressure, tests, more responsibility. These will only stamp more deeply upon them the likeness of the Master.

Education and training will now be entered upon with a peaceful, purposeful determination. Life will be taken seriously, but it will be enjoyed to its fullest extent. Duties of business, social or home life will be performed with steady appliance. Difficulties will make the ideals and faith reach higher. Disappointments will make the spirit sweeter. Disturbances will but make more inviting the rest of the soul. Care will but sweeten and mellow the life that is hid with Christ in God.

The realization and acceptance of responsibility will mold a man after the fashion of the perfect man, Christ Jesus, and will elevate the sinner from the lowest depths of debasement to a place by the Saviour's side.

J. E. R.



UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPING

As an example of up-to-date housekeeping let me explain how we boys do it in the Mansion.

When we get up in the morning we turn back the covers and let the bed air out all day. This airing is healthful as well as labor-saving. The bed has to be made only when the bed-clothes become so tangled that we cannot find our way. We usually have to make the bed once a week unless we have nightmares.


We sweep the floor at least once in two months and quite often once a month. The floor does not get dirty very quickly because, living on the top floor as we do, we do not track much dirt into the room. We dust only after we sweep, for everything is covered with books and papers and does not get dusty otherwise.

Our policy is to keep everything where we can get it most quickly. We lay our books and papers on the table where we may pick them up at a moment's notice. We hang our clothes over the foot of the bed where we can reach them without walking on the cold floor. Of course, after we have laid our books and papers around long enough, they pile up. Then we take a day off and "clean house", packing every thing in its proper place.

Our room occasionally receives a shock, for when friends from home come to see us, unexpectedly, we have to do some scurrying around to make the room presentable. First we take our friends to the parlor and then we rush up to the room, where, with the aid of our roommates and classmates, we hastily hide every untidy book and paper where prying eyes shall not find it. When we bring our friends into the room and they compliment us upon the neatness of it, we thank them, but have to laugh up our sleeves. For at least a week we have much trouble in finding our books and papers.

That is what we call up-to-date housekeeping in its most modern form.

K. E. T.



A WARNING FROM THE SEA

It was a beautiful summer day. Birds were singing in the trees and the sun shone down upon them in warm approval. Everything was enveloped by that hazy, dreamy, invisible mist which makes one's mind ramble among a thousand different thoughts. The river was the only thing that seemed out of place in the silence and beauty of the surrounding land-scape. It rushed toward its destination, roaring more loudly than an infuriated lion and it seemed to challenge the world to smile that its frowm might be more noticeable.

I had often navigated the river when it was more angry and bristling than it was on that day. I dressed for the trip, got the canoe ready, and set out on the journey to Milford, about five miles down stream. What sport it was shooting the rapids, dodging large rocks, swirling around in little whirlpools, and being tossed about on the water like a chip.

I was approaching Devil's Pass, which I had gone thru many times, always safely. While the boat was speeding along in the narrow channel a boulder dropped from above and smashed the bow into splinters. I was thrown from the canoe into the water, and washed along with the raging torrent. It seemed to grasp me as an octopus grasps his victims, and I was pulled down to the bottom of the river.

As the current swept me along I felt a great fear coming over me. Was I going to be drowned and swept out to sea never to be seen again? Or, should I be washed up on the banks of the river and found by searchers? Suddenly I noticed that I was gasping for breath. I tried to rise to the surface and did so, only to sink again. Three times I sank to the bed of the river. People said that after sinking three times a man was dead. Surely I was not dead, for I could see the fish swimming through the water and the grass and shells lying on the bottom of the river. A sickening, drowsy feeling was slowly creeping over me. I tried to fight it off, but it persisted and I gradually sank into unconsciousness.

When I awoke I was in a little den, the door of which was locked. On a table nearby was a card which read, "The Old Man of the Sea". Many times had I wished to meet him, but never before had the opportunity presented itself. Now I was apparently in his own home. I settled back in the chair to wait for what was going to happen. It seemed as if hours had gone by when the door finally opened.

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I had never seen any one like the person who entered the room. He was a short, grey-haired, wrinkled old man who looked as if he might be seventy or eighty years old. When he spoke, it was with a harsh, rasping voice which sounded as if it came from the depths of his body. His face, wrinkled and pale, seemed to convey a warning. He questioned me concerning myself, my home, and my destination. Then without another word he handed me an envelope, opened the door and thrust me outside, closing it behind me. I opened the envelope and read:

"To One Who Has Dared to Invade My Kingdom:

You have entered this kingdom without a passport. You entered, not as a friend, but in contempt of the laws of the kingdom. You have come to me, the King, and taken one of my rooms as a lodging place.

Therefore, according to the laws of the country, you are requested to leave the land within three days. Failure to comply with this request will mean imprisonment for life.

Signed,

The Old Man of the Sea,
King of Sealand."

Upon reading this I set out to leave the country, but could find no way out. Whenever I asked an inhabitant I was answered by a shake of the head. For three days I wandered, and on the fourth I was seized and thrown into a prison, where, much to my surprise, was a company of earthly people who had disappeared as I had.

I am writing this from Sealand in the hope that some one will benefit by it and be more careful about canoeing than I was. Our work never ceases here, and no matter how tired we are there is no rest. We are kept at hard labor continually with never an intermission. For some reason we cannot sleep altho we may be exhausted. All the time we are making seaweed, shells, sea-grass, coral, pearls, and all the other treasures found in the seas. Therefore, let this be a warning to people who use boats. Let them beware, lest they, too, be caught in the grasp of the sea and dragged down to this horrible fate.

A. T. N.



THE SPIRIT OF E. N. C.

The spirit of E. N. C. is something indefinable, something that you cannot touch and you cannot see, but you can feel. It shows itself in every activity. It goes into every classroom; it is present in the chapel; it even frequents the dining hall, and always it is in the dormitory. It causes the poorest student to give up gladly that five-dollar bill, which he has saved to buy himself some much needed article, in order that E. N. C. may be bigger and better. It causes that girl who has always had herself as an objective to forget self and think of others occasionally.

It is felt in the very words of the faculty members, and in their kind attitude.

It gives students, from the sub-preparatory department to the college senior class, a willingness to work and do and live for others. It fears God, but loves and serves Him. It never forgets any member of the school who is in trouble or who is suffering.

E. N. C. spirit enters the heart of each student, as he comes upon the campus for the first time. It goes with him as he leaves for the last time; it dominates his whole life's work, and is a leading factor in winning him success.

This spirit is wonderful; it is different from that of most colleges. In other schools a great deal is said about it; in E. N. C. little is said, but it is here, and every one agrees that it is better felt than told.

I. M. D.



A TREATISE ON MISOGYNY


Like many other expressive words, "misogyny" is a Greek derivative and is composed of two Greek Words: $\mu\iota\sigma\epsilon\iota\varsigma$ - to hate + $\gamma\upsilon\upsilon\eta$ - woman. As for the origin of the word, I suppose that some poor fellow, in the usual throes of pain after being refused, cast about for something to appease his anguish and found this grandiloquent combination of letters.

The word in its common usage is bold-faced hypocrisy. There is sufficient basis for this open accusation, as can readily be seen. In the first place, a real woman-hater does not advertise his profession by Pharisaically standing on the street-corners and voicing his antipathy for the fair, weaker, more influential sex. He just hates them. In the second place, he does not honor the ladies with his presence or courtesy except when it is necessary. He does not bestow his beneficent smiles on them even while professing dislike. A real misogynist is not continually rolling on his tongue as sweet morsels the names of the young women of his acquaintance. He is not daily and hourly enlarging his vocabulary for expressing their pulchritude and pleasing qualities. No flattering words or words of appreciation, no beautiful bouquets for feminines are found on his lips. Nothing but bitter thoughts, galling memories, utter distaste, complete lack of regard or respect, are his. Of sympathy he has none. If not absolute indifference, it is active hatred that rules his passions.

Then, whence are all these professed woman-haters, for as certainly as no one loves all ladies, just as certainly no one hates all ladies. They must be the product of a mental environment like to the one that brought forth that unfortunate word,--misogyny.

My young friend, take a bit of advice. If you are not a misogynist at heart, drop the beloved but superfluous appellation, which but reveals you as the opposite of a woman-hater.

By a Neutral Party



WAS HIS COURAGE IN VAIN?

Times were hard that winter for every one in Cundy's Harbor, but harder for fishermen. Fish were scarce. When they did get a good haul, the markets paid hardly more than enough for the expenses of the trip. And for three full weeks a heavy offshore gale had been blowing constantly.

The only provision store in the small fishing community charged its own prices. Bills quickly ran up to startling amounts. House rents were high and house rents have to be paid with money.

On a bitter cold day in January a group of five fishermen were sitting around a stove in a dilapidated old fish shed. One was whittling a boat, another cleaning his pipe, and another watching the storm thru the cobweb-covered window.

"I tell ya, Boys, " drawled Isaac Curtis, "another winter like this and we're started to the poorhouse. Man! I never seen sich hard times since I was a kid over on Bethel Point. We did git scared once when the bay froze."

"Yes, Isaac, hain't paid my grub bill in six weeks and the rent is three months back. Fred Holbrook's gonna get the sheriff 'f I don't cash in."

"Well, What's a fella gonna do? Nothing but ice, snow and rain," responded Isaac rubbing the windowpane. "Jim, you look extry worried. What's on your mind?" He turned to Jim Leighton, the skipper and owner of a sloop tugging at her mooring out in the bay.

"Boys", spoke Jim, in such a quiet voice that the four faces turned quickly to catch his words. "Boys, we're gonna lose Nellie next week."

"What?"

"Well of all things!"

"Yes, Kelley, the manufacturer, holds the mortgage. I can't meet the payment. He's gonna haul her up and make a sailing yacht of her."

"The Crook!" "I'd like to shoot him." These cries arose spontaneously from the throats of his audience.

Jim Leighton was different somehow from his fellow-



fishermen. He didn't smoke or drink. Never had any one seen him angry. He had not been within a church door for twenty years. Five years before the present conversation he had managed to buy, with a few hard-earned dollars, his small fishing sloop "Nellie". As he wouldn't fish Sundays, few fishermen went with him. It was he who told of the arrears in rent and provisions. Two beautiful little girls brightened his home and were the pride and joy of his life. At the present time he was living upstairs above the old fish-house.

Just then there came three sharp knocks on the door. When Jim slid it open, a portly man of about fifty entered, who said a noisy "Good morning" to all and asked for Mr. James Leighton.

"I guess I'm the fella you want," drawled Jim.

"Are you the owner of the sloop Nellie?"

A nod.

"Well, I have important business with you, alone, please."

"Sorry, chum, but these men are all my best friends; they hear all I hear."

As the stranger eyed the group, there seemed to be a subtle malice in his snapping black eyes.

"Ahem, that's impossible, Mr. Leighton."

"You heerd what I sed, chum."

"Well I have a proposition. I've a valuable cargo to take from Mark Island to Pine Banks before next Friday."

"Booze", "moonshine," "whiskey," whispered the fishermen.

"And," continued the stranger, "I offer you \$1500 and to each of your men \$50 apiece for the use of the sloop and their help, one single night. Do you accept?"

Before Jim Leighton's mind was whirling a panorama. He saw his poverty, his bills, the sheriff, and his schooner, soon to be lost. Without the boat he was helpless.

"Jump at it Jim," said Ezra, "there's our chance straight



from heaven."

"What's the cargo?" Jim asked quietly.

The man looked at him sharply. Could it be possible that a fisherman would scruple at such an offer?

"You don't have to know anything about the cargo." He laughed, an evil, guttural laugh. "In fact it's gingerale."

Jim turned his eye; he knew full well the stranger's mission.

Seeing a refusal on his lips, the man said, "Think wisely, take your time, and I'll call Friday."

There was an unnatural silence in the shed. Joe Eastman stopped whittling, Isaac Curtis was watching the skipper. Then Ezra Skoefield spoke: "Jim Leighton, if you don't take that offer, I'm gonna leave you. It's straight from heaven. Here's your wife sick with influenzy and can't afford a decent doctor. There's that grub bill at Holbrook's that you'll never pay. And the man's gotta have his money. There's your sloop a-going next week, unless you pay to that Irishman Kelley. There's those little girls of yours, ain't got enough clothes to keep 'em warm. And here's us boys all in the same fix. Jim, you gonna do it?"


Jim Leighton was trembling as two tears rolled down his face.

"Boys, I can't do it," he said.

Ezra Skoefield jumped. "All right, go ahead, you poor fish, but I'm not gonna kill my wife and babies, hanging around a fool like you, any longer." He picked up his oil-skins and strode angrily to the door. Turning, he declared to the four watching him, "Birds of a feather flock together. I'm gonna go see Hanker Toothacker. His old smack will do if we can't get any thing else."

He left the door open. Isaac Curtis got up, ostensibly to close it, but avoiding Jim's eye he slid thru the door, softly shutting it behind him.

Shortly, Joe Eastman stood up and walked out the door. Only John Morgan was left, the oldest of them. Dear old John, what a father he had been to Jim, so true and trustworthy.



"Jimmy, my boy, God knows we gotta live. It's snowed for a week now. Jimmy, we're bound for the poorhouse at this rate."

While he knew John was right, the skipper remained silent, for he felt his conscience, saying no.

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Friday came with a snowstorm. With a gun on his hip, a cynical constable entered the boatshed. Not much there; old sails made walls and they slept on mattresses on the floor. But he took the chairs, the table, the dishes, and promised to get the stove Saturday. He drove off.

As Jimmie was bringing his wife a glass of water, there came a knock. It was the stranger.

He leaned against the wall, and stared. "Well, Mr. Leighton, are you ready to accept \$1500, and \$500 in advance?" Jim shook his head, "No, I can't do it." The man seemed startled, but another knock. This time it was John Morgan, "Jimmy, Lizzie's dying. I wanta send to Brunswick for Doc Crawford. Take the offer, me boy."

Outside an automobile stopped, and soon another knock. A policeman and a crabbed-looking old woman of about forty entered boldly. For some reason the stranger had disappeared behind a curtain.

Two little girls peered from a curtain, ran out and put their thin little arms around Jim.

"Daddy, give Harriet kiss."

" 'Fiss me too, Daddy."

Both had yellow curls and blue eyes one couldn't help smiling at. He bent over each. "God bless 'em. Daddy loves 'em. "

Then spoke the policeman, "I have come, with proper authority, to place these children in good care. They will leave, temporarily, at least, this old fishhouse." Marion did not understand, but Harriet began to cry. "Daddy, send away bad man."

The skipper staggered back and fell on a sail. His eyes were open. As he fell, the woman snatched Harriet and the officer picked up Marion. Both were struggling.

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"I guess they haven't any coats," suggested John Morgan.

..... The motor started.
Peering cautiously around the corner, the stranger disappeared,
soon followed by old John Morgan.

From a room came a wail, as from one raving, "Marion,
Marion, where's Marion? Oh! They've taken Marion."

Jim Leighton arose and walked to the window. Outside
large flakes of snow were falling swiftly. The wind howled
around the old fishhouse. Suddenly a quiet voice, "No! Boys,
I can't do it," he was saying, "I guess I'll go down and fix
up those lobster traps for next summer." Courage?

E. L. D.



OUT OF NAZARETH

Can any good come out of Nazareth? Can there be anything worthwhile in a city with a degenerate society? But can there be any good anywhere? Suppose that Jesus' life had been patterned after that of a dweller in Nazareth. Had he chosen to be influenced by His Nazarene neighbors rather than to be despised and rejected by them, He would not have left the imprint of His life on the Galilean cities.

Environment is a factor, but it is not the major factor in one's life. He who is master of his will can rise above his surroundings. Everywhere there are Nazareths with their degenerate societies. But the fact that every other person in that society is apathetic toward good merely adds more emphasis to the fact that he who is awakened to the truth should raise himself out of his apathy.

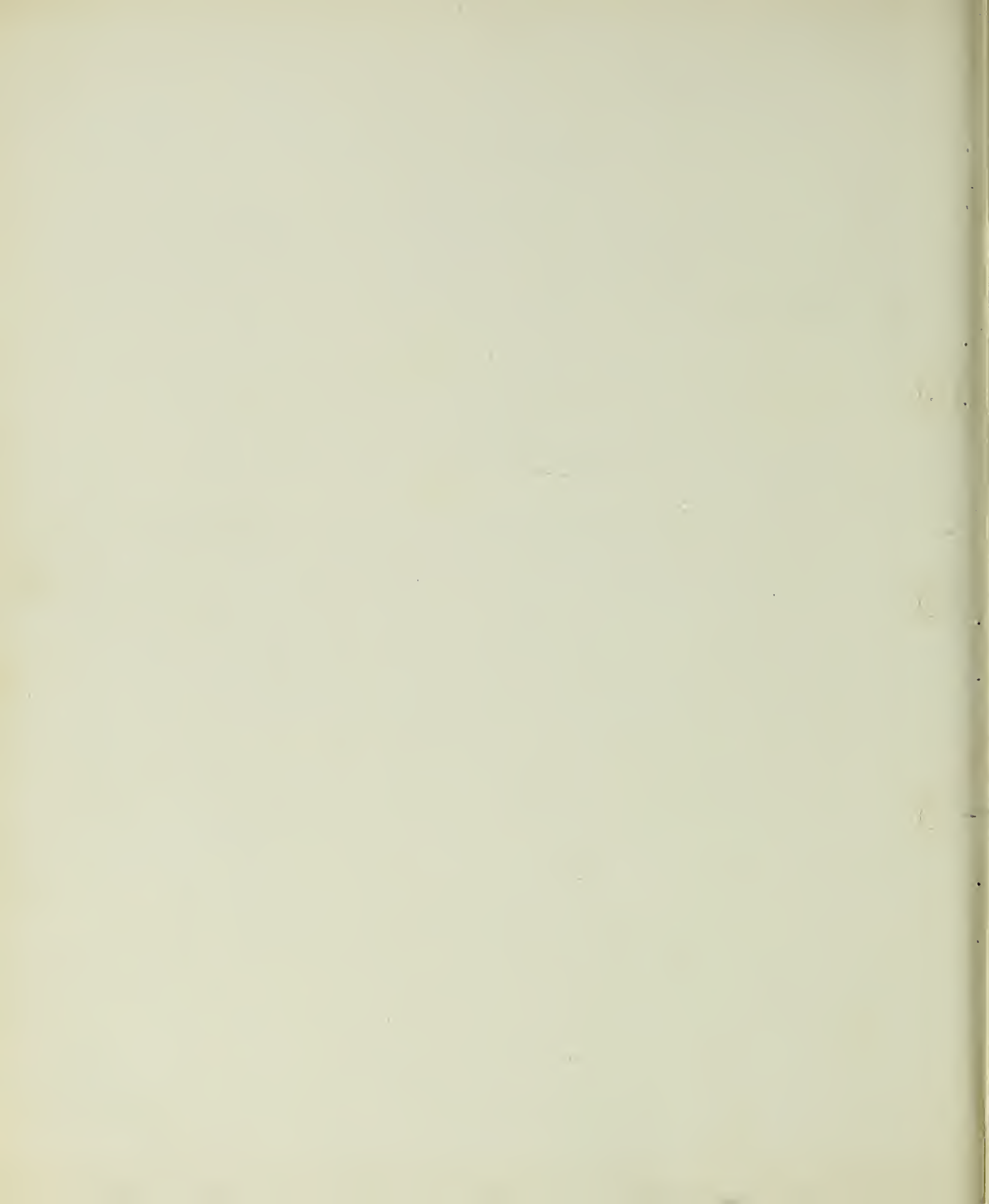
Take Abraham Lincoln as proof. His environment was anything but conducive to education and high ideals. Had it not been for his "angel mother", no doubt he would have attained merely a mediocre place in life. In order to please her and to be true to himself, he rose above his Nazareth.

The rise from such straits gives inspiration to rise higher and higher until one can reach up and grasp success. Then one keeps rising and rising until it almost seems that one can reach up and grasp the hand of Christ, as it were. Jesus grew in Nazareth, but he did not become a part of her. He "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

How sad it is to see life and energy going to waste. Would that every one might throw off the shackles of lethargy and individual weaknesses, and develop the bit of good in his character; for "there is so much good in the worst of us."

M. E. W.





SPRING FEVER

The sun was warming the earth; the birds were twittering in the trees; the squirrels were jumping from limb to limb; and I, in my room with an open book, was experiencing the sentiment of the song, "Often times my thoughts revert to scenes of childhood---".


"Can you climb? Sure, every child can,--then let's climb over the gate, or roll between the strips because the gate sags, and it is heavy. These corn cobs are here because Daddy sometimes feeds the hogs near the gate. Oh, did you hurt your toe? It won't hurt long. We will soon be on the grass which is so soft and nice. That's old Maude. She wouldn't ever hurt you. She loves me. She wants me to give her some corn. Good old Maude. If we had a bridle we would ride her.

"If we would dig around here we would find some old sawdust. Daddy used to have a sawmill here, but since he sold it the grass has grown over everything. See, there's the old pit. When it rains that makes a little pond. Daddy filled up the well, but I never like to step on the place where it was.

"This path here leads to the tenant house. Since there are no little girls there we don't want to walk over. Let's take this path. No, let's not walk in the path. The cool, green grass feels so good to our feet. Don't step on those nettles there.-----I can beat you up this hill. Really it isn't large enough to call a hill. My, you can run almost as fast as I can. Now, do you want to roll down the hill? It's lots of fun to have the grass tickle your face.

"Daddy feeds his beef cows in the big barn nearest us. The ensilage and hay make the cattle fat. The other barn is really a large corn crib with hay in the loft. The hogs sleep in the sheds on the sides. We'll go over and see the cows and little pigs when we start back to the house.

"Let's go to the creek, the best place in the pasture. Can you walk over the watergate? I never did fall off. Well, then, let's wade. I'll pin your dress so you won't get it wet. Now don't get scared. The water is not deep enough any place to drown us. Oh, let's make a little village here in the sand. I'll make the church and cemetery and you make the houses and streets. Isn't this great? I don't see how you can stand it



to live in the city. Let's name our town Waterside.

"I'm ready to go too. Let's wade the creek now. Brother made this little dam yesterday and the water turned his wheel. The creek winds so we can't see very far ahead. This is where the cows come down to get a drink. See their tracks? Oh, there are some pigs in the water. I'll throw this stone at them and they will run. They made the water muddy, but if we wait just a minute it will be clear again. And there are some ducks. It must be nice to sit on the water. Isn't it cool here under the willows? Around the bend yonder the water is deeper. That is where my little fish stay. Daddy says they are minnows and will never be real fish. We shall have to get out of the water if we want to see them. If they hear a noise they won't come near the top. Don't you love my baby fish?

"Oh, see the butterflies. Let's catch them in our hats. Don't be afraid of old Jersey. She is my friend, too. See, she lets me rub her neck.

"Those are blackberry briars back there on the hillside. Before many weeks they'll have berries on them. I have not been back there for three days. Let's go to see if the briars are blooming yet.

"Be careful. Sure, they'll scratch you and tear your dress, too. We'll go down by the swamp, but we won't cross it. I'm always afraid there are snakes in it. If we had a knife we would cut our initials here on this tree.

"Just look yonder at the dandelions! There are violets, too, just beyond by the fence. Let's pick a nice bouquet for Mother.

"Let's go now to the barn to see the little pigs. Listen! I hear Mother calling. We must run home."

"Home! and here I sit looking out of the window with an open book on my lap."

E. M. H.



A TRIP ACROSS COUNTRY IN A LIZZIE


Have you ever taken a long trip in one of Henry Ford's inventions? Such an experience is bad enough in the best of them, but it is still worse in the one we had.

My brother and I had decided that we wished to come east to the center of the universe--Boston. We intended to stop at New York for a day, and then we would continue with our trip. How should we go? We decided to buy a car that was within the purchasing power of our pocketbooks. After looking at all the second-hand "Lizzies" on the market, we at last found one that we could buy. It could have been in better shape. The salesman said that she had a 1916 model body with a 1919 model engine--a striking combination. The outward appearance of Lizzie was not very stunning, for she looked as if she might have been one of Henry Ford's first experiments. Her body needed a coat of paint, her fenders were half-rusted through, her seats were as hard as a plank. She burned an excess of gasoline, and she was hard to crank. She had no shock absorbers or any modern comforts. In spite of all these eccentricities, Lizzie was a good car for the shape she was in.

We took her home with us, gave her a general overhauling, and bought her a new pair of shoes. Then we made preparations to start on the trip. Monday at ten o'clock in the morning, we began our journey of fifteen hundred miles. We didn't tell Lizzie a thing about the trip for fear that she would become disheartened. We had not gone far when we heard a familiar hissing noise. One of Lizzie's new shoes had been punctured. We patched the leak in a few minutes, and were on our way again.

All went well until about six o'clock, when it began to get dark. Lizzie didn't have a tail light. We would have to get her one before we could go through Richmond, Indiana, for we didn't wish to pay a fine for more than she was worth.

Since my brother and I decided that we could save expenses if we drove both day and night, we took turns at the wheel. Thus we continued for three days. Although Lizzie had many peculiarities, she had many good qualities. Not once did she ask for water--and yet there was a reason--for we had put a bar of soap into the radiator before starting to stop all the leaks. Nor did Lizzie need any inflation in her tires, for a tube of "Never Leak" in each tire stopped



all the leaks.

Although Lizzie was not built for speed, she was willing to do her best, we held her at a steady gait of thirty miles an hour. Although many tourists passed us during the day, we would get ahead of them on the following night.

On the third day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, as we arrived at New York City, we wondered how Lizzie would behave. We didn't have long to wait, for as we were riding down the crowded traffic on Fifth Avenue, Lizzie began to balk. She might have been frightened from the jammed traffic, or she might have been exhausted from the trip. Soon sparks flew from her gear box, and she moaned as if she were breathing her last. What could we do with a car acting in this manner on Fifth Avenue? Pulling into a side street, we sought a garage. Soon we found one, and drove in. After an unsuccessful attempt to discover the cause of such queer actions, we drove out again. To our surprise Lizzie's affliction had left her as speedily as it had appeared.

Since we wished to visit for a day in New York, we had to store Lizzie in a garage. When we paid the bill for her night's room rent, which was almost as much as the value of Lizzie, we almost decided to give the garage man the car for the charges.

Lizzie did not like the city life in New York. She was not in vogue. Often she was humiliated by having a Packard or a Cadillac pass her. Since she had a good night's rest, for which she was no doubt thankful, Lizzie got her second wind. Then we made excellent time.

We arrived in Boston at one o'clock in the afternoon. We had reached our destination safely. Although Lizzie brought us through in good time, yet we would not enjoy another such trip, for the novelty of the adventure had worn off.

V. M. H.



T H I N K I N G S

Smiling

Smiling is a beautiful habit. It is not suddenly acquired but is unconsciously made a part of oneself. Many things are won by a smile--a pleasant smile. Many hearts are saddened by a meaningless smile. A baby's smile is innocent; the barefoot boy's smile is sincere and frank; a father's smile is gentle and kind; but a mother's smile is heavenly.

M. E. W.

Vanity

Hattie listened. No one was stirring. In her attic room she sat regarding herself in a mirror that made her face look half again as long as it actually was. Some one had told her today that she was beautiful. She was looking to see if it were true. She tiptoed to the clothes press, and brought out a delicate pink silk dress and a large white shawl. She donned them, and again looked at herself. No one knew she had these clothes. If only she had a decent mirror! What would he say if he could see her dressed like this?


C. W. S.

The Pictures in a Room

As I walked into my brother's room one day, my eyes were immediately attracted to the pictures on the wall. On one side of the room was a picture of a boy seated on a log in the woods, carving a piece of wood with his jackknife. Beside him stood his dog watching every move that the boy made.

On another wall was the picture of soldiers in a training camp. They were in a straight line, and the marshall was in front of them giving signals for their drill. Below the picture was written, "We're answering the call of our country."

There was still another picture which interested me, and that was the picture of "Christ in the Garden."



When I walked out of the room, I appreciated my brother more than ever before.

C. V. G.

Utopia

The bell rang, and she arose from her chair. "We are ready for announcements", she said in a high-pitched voice. When the confusion continued she said in a commanding tone, "You people must learn to be quiet while the announcements are being given. The sooner you learn that, the better off you will be."

V. M. H.

A B. U. Student!

He was a young boy, although some characteristics might lead one to wonder about the latter part of that statement. His steps were more precise and mincing than those of many girls. When the custom of wearing sailor trousers broke out among the boys, he too appeared in them. But how conscious he was. In class he would pull them down at the knees, and pat them into place as a modest girl might do with an unruly skirt. His tie he carefully straightened and caressed into shape, and then he went around the bottom of his heavy sweater. All having been adjusted, the process began all over again. It was only interrupted by sudden bursts of interest in the subject being explained by the professor. If his interest was so great as to cause him to speak out, he was immediately self-conscious enough to blush.

H. L. M.



V O I C E S

Whether I like or dislike a person depends part on my eyes and part on my ears. More of one's true self is discernible in one's voice than in one's face. Self-control may keep a face smooth; but fun, aversion, disappointment, indifference, and love, and longing are betrayed in one's voice. There are so many kinds of voices, and usually they are colored by the character behind them. The dean's is resigned as she repeats the familiar phrase, "Girls, I could hear you talking in my sleep." My mother's is patient as she tells my brother every morning that it is the fifth and last time she is going to call him. My friend's is lilting when she stops at my room after a Friday night to tell me of some happy happening. My roommate's is coaxing when she takes my books away and tells me it is time to sleep. My brother's is teasing when he gets to the mailman first. The little boy's next door is hesitant and full of tears when he explains that he was the one who tore up my iris. When I kneel the voice within me is comforting.

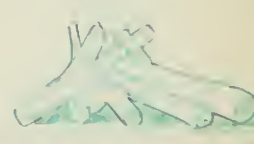
Harsh voices, sorry voices, pleading voices, all are echoes of our hearts. The world is full of voices--voices of the pines, of all out doors, and of people.

D. M. T.

S T R O L L S

Some people are always taking walks alone;--but they would prefer company. Other people are always in company, but they would like to be alone. Let the first be more genial and the second more independent.

J. E. R.



GLEANINGS FROM THE MONTH'S READING

A Liberal Education
Loomis' Freshman Readings Thos. H. Huxley

The author compares life to a game of chess. "The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden, but we know that his play is always fair, just and patient." Liberal education trains a man not only to escape the punishments, but also to reap the benefits of nature. Mark the ideal man.

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

J. E. R.

Hands Across the Sea
The Boston Herald Editorial

Word has been received from the farthest end of our republican empire of a demonstration of conversion to Americanization. Some students at Trinidad Farm School, Bagino, ducked and tied their principal to a post.

The editor says this makes them kin with Boston University, Technology, and Harvard.

D. M. T.



A Forgotten Art
Scribner's Magazine

There are two classes of people who are seeking for education: those who seek it for mere education and those who have joy in knowing, in thinking, and in the free play of fancy and imagination. The first class is like animals who do not have a soul or mind to enjoy beauty of life; but upon man "has been bestowed the gift of creative power, and in the exercise of this power human life may be said to have its true and its final definition." We are called to a higher life.

Those who measure life with the greatest measure are sometimes looked down upon by the lighter-minded class who do not "dream dreams or see visions".

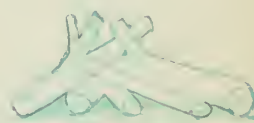
R. M. L.

Arms and the Man
Saturday Evening Post

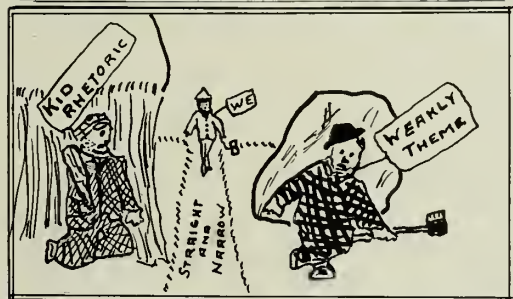
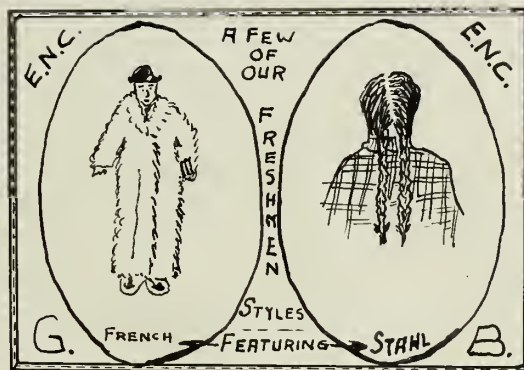
There has been a great deal of objection to compulsory military training by the students of various colleges in the past year. This objection started in a college in New York City and was taken up by sympathizers with the students who argued that military training in peace eventually causes war. The editor of this magazine accuses the lazy students of being the objectors and says they do not mind especially the "military training" section of the phrase, but balk at the "compulsory." He thinks the majority of students have acquired the ability to make allowances and would not therefore be carried away by the warlike spirit attendant upon military training.

Some of the students in the College have been thinking lately of including, among the activities of the student body, a military training unit. This editorial will be of great interest to them.

R. J. H.



MORE HASH



H U R R Y G R A P H S

Much work, more study, little sleep;
Name on the honor roll? Impossible feat.

Stroad Pemberton Hibbert

Spring is coming, and with it there will come another
danger to the careless student----the squirrel.

Ernest James Myatt

Single persons are not wanted about the campus these
nights.

Ransford John Hemmings

All Theologs are requested to set their alarm-clocks
for the dedication of the new gym.

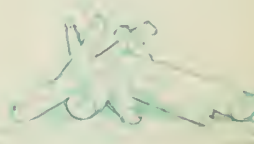
John Fred Larabee

"Just imagine"--says Professor Gardner, "and you will
have the key to mathematics."

John Victor Dickey

The recent writing and speaking on misogyny very
evidently does not come from the "abundance of the
heart."

Ernest James Myatt



1
One of these days, some one will succeed in removing a post from the middle of the old Gymnasium, and the building will fall down.

John Fred Larabee

Mr. Hoover says that there is some confusion about Friday nights. Yes, it takes about ten minutes for the procession to form ranks and file down the drive.

John Eckel Riley

Somnolence

Somnolence is catching!

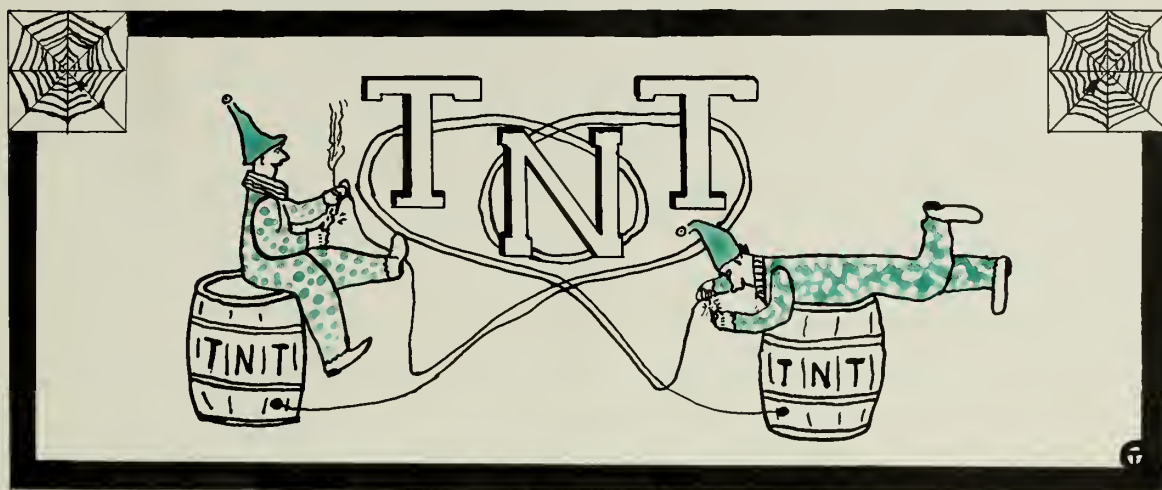
Now it's the Academy Juniors.

Dorcas Mine Tarr

Our predicament:

"Between a pile of books and the great out-of-doors".

John Fred Larabee



Daddy Gould: "I'm out of gas right in the middle of traffic."
 Mrs. Gould : "John, you can't stop for that, here comes the
 cop."

All of us editors delve and write,
 Till every brain is stiff and sore,--
 Then some young boob is sure to blurt,
 "Punk--I've heard that joke before."

Slightly used books for sale--
 apply Kent Goodnow

Dean Esselstyn: "Asylums are places where some of the insane
 are kept."

Erickson: "I'm trying to raise a mustache. I wonder what
 color it will be?"

Ralph Lane: "I think probably gray, at the rate it's growing."

During the congestion of human traffic on the narrow
 snow path from Canterbury to Mansion after the last severe
 snow storm, the following remark was overheard: "This path
 is twice as wide as it is three times too narrow."

Visitor to student: "I understand that your college now
 boasts of a Glee Club?"

Student: "No, sir, we do not boast of it."

DR SLOAN'S FAMOUS
REMEDIES, FOR
EXTERNAL
USE
ONLY!



SENIOR PRIVILEGES

MARY:-
SAY BOBO, I
HEAR YOU HAVE
JOINED THE ARMY?
BOBO:-
I'M ONLY, "SERGEANT IN ARMS", THO'.



SOCRATES'
SUCCESSOR

Could You Imagine:

Thornton Carmen not having his lesson?
Jenkins tuning in a "Good One".
Perkins giving up his wails?
"White" and "Luellow" making "green"?
Mayo, when he's old ?
A quiet and pious group of Theologs?

Dot Fuller: "Will you run upstairs and get my watch?"

R. White: "Wait a while and it will run down."

Dot Fuller: "No, it won't; we have a winding staircase."

Prof: "What is the third person?"

Stude: "The chaperon."

Miss Wayles: "How are coming along with your reducing?"

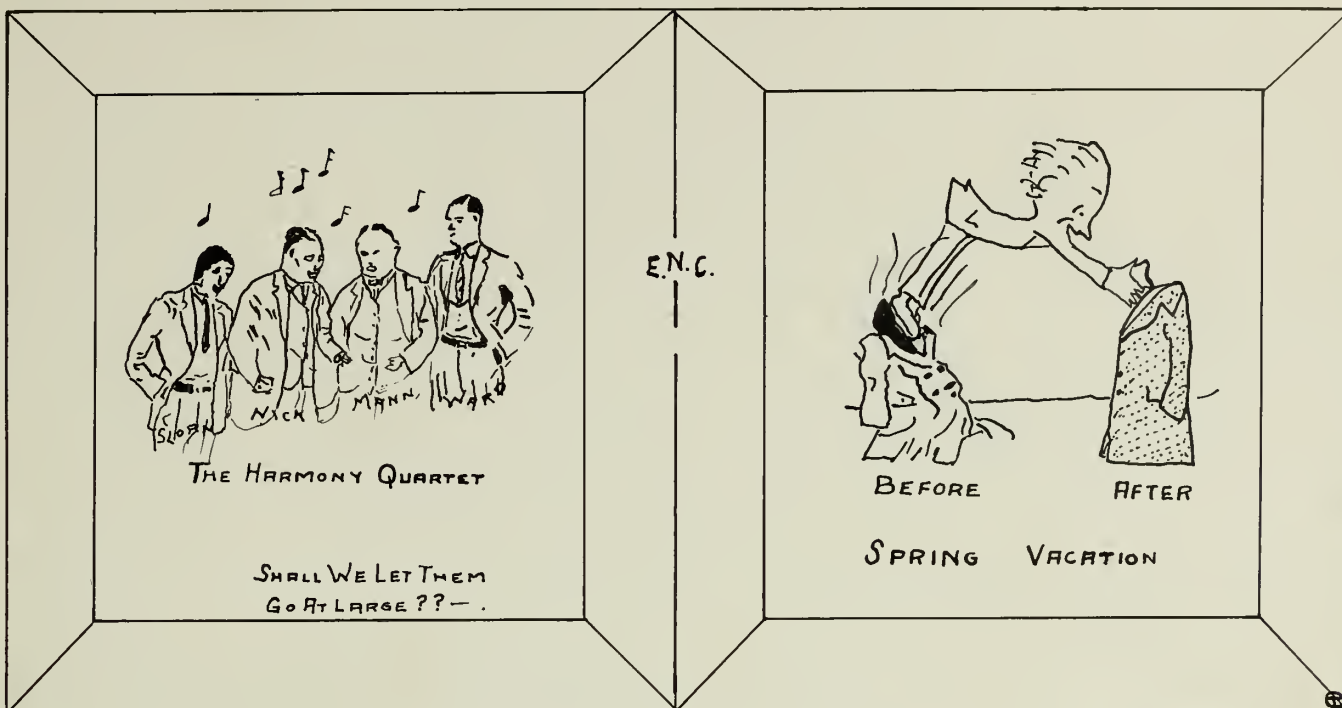
Miss Gardner: "No good, I guess I must be one of those
poor losers."

Amid the tremendous influx of botanical theorism, the
scientific world, and particularly a small section in central
New England, there is amazement at the recent discovery that
green carnations and red roses grow on the same Bush.

Jim Young: "My brother sure was a dumb fellow."

Riley: "How's that?"

Jim Young: "They had to burn down the school house to get
him out of the first grade."



Darling: "I'm from Missouri; you have to show me."
 Troyard: "I am from Elgin; watch me."

What happened at the recent court scene in chapel.

During the court proceedings, the officer of the court interrupted the program by asking the judge if holding hands was permissible during the actions. The judge answered in the negative and Mr. White and Miss Moyer were denied this privilege for the evening.

Helen Gilbert: "There's a town in Ohio named after you!"
 Academy student: "You don't say?"
 Helen Gilbert: "Yes, Marblehead!"

Salesman taunting lady on the Golf course who was holding up the game on account of her refusal to move: "Fore! Fore! Fore!"
 Second salesman: "I'll move her!" "Three ninety-eight!"

Some one had the audacity to request intercessional interests in his behalf in that he had culminated several attacks of acute intigestion, caused by the eating of cheese sandwiches which he purchased and ate on the Sunday previous to his announcement.

J. Larabee to R. Lane in library: "Why don't you wake up and go to sleep right?"

WE HANDLE A

SWEET

VARIETY

INCREASED FROM 57 to 75

COME IN AND LOOK OVER OUR STOCK

ALWAYS, JOHN WALLACE

AMES TO PLEASE

*CONTRACT OR
DAY WORK*

*INTERIOR
AND
EXTERIOR*

*WORK RIGHT
PRICES RIGHT*

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1870-1871

1872-1873

1874-1875

1876-1877

1878-1879

1880-1881

PICTURES OF DISTINCTION

BILL PERKINS

MANCHESTER

GET *MARTIN* TO DO IT

WELL PRESSED MEANS WELL DRESSED
ON FRIDAY NIGHTS

EARNEST MARTIN

MANCHESTER

I'M PLUMB ON THE LEVEL

AND ON THE SQUARE

WHEN IT COMES TO CARPENTRY WORK

PRICE IS RIGHT

J. YOUNG

CARPENTER AND BUILDER

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